MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18.

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The World Cuarantees:

First, THAT this is a larger number of papers any two other American newspapers Combined. Second, THAT its daily average, 285,447, is in excess that of any other newspaper in America. Third, THAT its circulation during 1888 was

Fourth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was Fifth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was more

Sixth, THAT the bona-fide average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 was 260,326 copies, and that this was over TWO AND A HALF TIMES the circulation of the New York Sunday HERALD, more than DOUBLE that of the ew York Sunday SUN, and more than 50,000 in ex-TIMES combined during 1888.

Seventh, TO REFUND ALL MONEYS PAID PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE NOT VERIFIED.

MAINTAIN THE PRINCIPLE.

The Judiciary Committee of the Assembly at Albany is considering the amendment to the law under the provisions of which Tina Werss and other children have been summarily snatched from their parents and friends without the right of appeal. It is this right of appeal which outraged

public sentiment demands. The principle of appeal is as inalienable as that of free speech It is the keystone of liberty. There are able minds in the Judiciary Com-

mittee and keen intellects. Any improvements in the amendment that may be suggested by them will be welcomed by the Only maintain at all times and under all

circumstances the right of appeal from the indement of a committing magistrate to courts of a superior jurisdiction.

HARTFORD'S AWFUL DISASTER.

The victories of steam, which have been celebrated for half a century, are not won altogether over space and time and inert matter. Man frequently falls a victim.

boiler in the Park Central Hotel at Hartford this morning several scores of human lives are thought to have been lost.

In the face of great disasters all men are brothers. The sympathy of the Brotherhood of Man points to-day to Hartford,

SPIRITUALISM AT ALBANY.

HERRMANN and KELLAR are magicians whose cunning has endeared them to contemporary New Yorkers. They appear to have serious rivals at Albany.

It is said the entire cut-stone ceiling of the Assembly has been spirited away and no man knoweth its present abiding place. Spirits able to carry away cut stone enough to build houses for three contractors, or even a small penitentiary, must be able spirits indeed.

The craze for athleticism which is revolutionizing our college curriculums must have struck Spirit Land also. Own up ye Diss Debars of the Spirit Land, do ye swing clubs and trot in flannels? Do ye heave the hammer? Have ye carried off the cut-stone ceil-

ing of the Assembly? Or have KELLAR and HERRMANN a rival at, Albany beside whose latest exploit their own marvellous jugglery pales into insignificance?

EASEBALL AS A MORAL AGENCY.

AMOR ALONZO STAGG, captain and pitcher of the Yale Baseball Nine, made an address at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night to an appreciative audience. There are few baseball pitchers who can make a good talk to a public audience in that large auditorium.

Mr Stage talked religion. There are very few baseball pitchers, indeed, who could do that. As a weapon for knocking Satan out a baseball bat ought not to be ineffective.

CHICAGO COOKERY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The engagement of M. Hugo Zeiman, late of Chicago, to be chef at the White House during the Harrison régime opens a new vista to diplomatic spestite.

It is the most sacred obligation of diplomacy

to cherish the inner man of the visiting diplomat. Under the Hayes regime the diplomat drank ice-water and acquired dyspepsia. Un der the Cleveland regime on at least one occasion the wine gave out and he had to go home at his thirmiest.

Under the Harrison regime the mysteries of the Chicago cuisine, to which the mysteries of Isis couldn't hold a candle, will be be revealed to the astounded ambassadorial appetite. Fried steak, pork-and-molasses, chitterlings, chine and spare-ribs, in short and especially all the choice morsels of the sacred hog are known at no recent date to the Lakes.

Should these dainties be put before them by the new White House chef, the representatives of the effete monarchies will cut their gastronomic eve-teeth.

The theory of "beauty sleep" will receive a deadly and iconoclastic shock from the singular case of the young woman of Baltimore who wrinkles up and gets old as soon as she enters the Land of Nod. Miss Annie STIDHAM, of North Carey street, has an "old head on young shoulders" for a portion, at least, of every twenty-four hours.

"Do I look like a seed distributor?" quoth WARNER WINEELBIED. In this you do: Your Cabinet chances seem

to have gone to seed !

WORLDLINGS.

Prince von Bismarck weighs 165 pounds, and as far as physique is concerned is one of the finest looking man in Europe. His weight was 260 pounds when Dr. Schweninger began to treat him for obesity several years ago.

A recent visitor to the fibrary of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the books in it that appeared to be most frequently consulted were a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, the little daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is only six years old, but is an expert and fearless skater. Congressman W. L. Scott, of Eric. Pa., is worth probably \$15,000,000, but he is one of the least ostentatious man in congress. His face is sallow and he is rather thin and roundchouldered, with sparse sandy hair. He repre sents, either as president or director, 22,000

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

COLLIER'S "ONCE A WEEK."

Ardis Claverden" the Title of Stockton'

New \$10,000 Story. This progressive and brilliant paper has paid \$10,000 for a serial story by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the "Rudder Grange," "The Late Tiger ?" Mrs. Null," "The Great War Syndicate," &c., entitled " Ardis Claverden," This new novel deals with adventure, romance and humor, and is in the author's happiest vein. It will be profusely illustrated. It opens in No. 21, out March 9. In addition, an illustrated novel, complete, by Edgar Saltus, will be given in this number, bearing the title, "The Girl with the Naked Eye." The London letter is by Lewis Wingfield: "Society," by Hans Knickerbocker; "Boston Gossip," by A. Mayflower: "Popular Science," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S.; book reviews by Mayo W. Hazeltine; poems, essays and sketches by the foremost authors of the day. The editorials are by Mayo W. Hazeltine and blakely Hall. Thirty-two pages. A complete novel (illustrated) by Saltus. The opening chapters of Frank R. Stockton's serial, All for 10 cents, It is not to be wondered at that Once a Week is a great success. It has the best authors, the best artists and is absolutely fitted for the family circle. humor, and is in the author's happiest vein.

work in the Tina Weiss case. It seems a shame that any society could act in such a heartless manner. It is on a parallel with a case lately in Brooklyn, where a boy only twelve years of age was picked up on the street, charges of vagrancy made and the lad was sentenced to the House of Refuge without even notifying his parents, whose address the society and the countifing magistrate of the society and the countifing magistrate. the society and the committing magistrate knew. The parents were obliged to sue out By the explosion, it is now believed, of a writ of habeas corpus to get possession of their child. Talk about White Cap outrages, while these lawful (?) outrages are committed so publicly! Shame.

Presentation to Ex-Alderman Sheeby. A Committee of business and workingmen of Yorkville has presented ex-Alderman Edward C. Sheehy with a very handsome set of resolutions

as a token of his public services and of the regard in which he is held by them. The resolutions were presented by Dr. Wallace, and ex-Adderman Sheehy accepted them in a neat speech. Proposed Change in City Elections.

At the meeting of the Young Men's Demo-cratic Club at the Hoffman House this evening a special order of business will be the considera-tion of the proposed act to change the New York City elections to the first Monday in April, in-stead of having them come with the general elections in the Fall.

Lamb's-Wool Tights. [From the Chicago Heartd.]

Queen of the comic opera in the office of her manager-Mr. Blowhard I don't intend to wear

"No. I won't."
"You forget perhaps, that you are traveleing on your shape, not your voice."

"Brute!"
"What will you wear?"
"Lamb's-wool tights like Lillian Russell's.

Don't you suppose our calves ever veal the

News Summary.

Frank M. Silvers, of Tecumseh, Mich., kills his wife and two children, and then shoots him-self fatally. self tatally.

Many hundred French residents of New York meet to arrange for the celebration of the centennial of the French Revolution, July 14.

John L. Adams, of a prominent Macon (Ga.) cotton firm, confesses to lorgeries aggregating \$50,000, owing to his speculation in cotton. Pastor L. A. Crandall bids farewell to the Twenty-third Street Baytist Church to accept the pastorate of the Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland, O.

Miss Clara Horton, of Bonham, Tex., while on her way home from New York, jumps from the Mallory steamer Nucces into the Gulf of Mexico and is drowned. A shoemaker named Morgan, of New Bruns-wick, whose nine-year-old box had been whipped at the public school there, breaks into the school-room and thrashes the principal, George Thorp, with a rawhide.

Joshua Ross, a prominent Republican lawyer of Gloucester, Va., shoots and kills his uncle. George Hughes, a former New York merchant, for alleged improper advances made by the latter to Mrs. Ross.

----THE regular use of MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL during teething averts the diarrhusa. 25 cents.

A Few More Glimpses of Its Interesting Scenery.

Thousands of Dreamers Still A-Dreaming.

have been dearly beloved in the great City by But for the Sake of the Readers and Judge Hawthorne the Tourney Must Close Soon,

Another Ominous Bream.

I dreamed that my father, who then lived in Ohio, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I tried to get to him, but I had a mile to go, and it was so dark I could not see the road. Finally I reached his house. I went in; he knew me, but could not speak. I received a postal the next day, saying: "Father was shocked by paralysis this morning. Come if you can. He can talk but very little." The next day or two I received word that he was dead.

L. L. C., Browsters, N. Y.

His Dream Caused a Panic.

I dreamed we had a race from the school house. I had a very fast horse, and to hold him back I pulled as hard as I could. But what was I pulling but my little brother's hair? And the louder he hollered the more I pulled, thinking it a runaway. My brother kicked me, and I thought it was the horse k cking. I jumped out of the bed and landed on our little Spitz dog, who set up a tremendous howl, and by that time the whole family was present to join in the chorus of my dream.

LEO, Greenpoint, L. I.

Was Having a Farewell Dance. I dreamed that I had committed murder and after being sentenced to death I made one farewell request of the Judge, and that was to allow me to attend a reception which was to be given in my honor. The request was granted, and upon my appearance in the ballroom I was greeted with groans and hisses. Although I danced with all my triends, I was continually pointed out as "the man who must die to-morrow." After the dance one of the court officers came for me, and after handcuffing me, roughly shouted: "Come along, your time has come." After pulling me away from my friends, who uttered words of consololation, I awoke, rather trichtened. JOSEPH POPPER, 501 East Houston street.

An Unpleasant Experience, I dreamed that I had been attacked by ootpad and in the scuffle which followed had shot him dead. I was committed to jail to await my trial, and in a short while was placed in the dock, charged with murder. I was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The next thing I recollect was when on the scaffold, with a clergyman standing beside me earnestly praying, and beneath me the faces of jatlers and spectators, and then a duil thud and strangling sensation, and I awoke and srt up in bed, with the perspiration pouring down my face and feeling sick and faint, and to my great relief found it was only a dream. The most singular part of this terrible ordeal is that during the two following days I experienced a soreness around my throat, which was marked by a red streak which has subsequently disap-peared. D. J. B., 44 West Broadway.

Having just come in from a long tramp in the woods. I went to my room on the third story, and, feeling very tired, leaned out of the window, where I must have fallen into a kind of trance. Looking up the street I was horrified to see approaching a large, bony yellow horse, foaming at the mouth and cov-ered with blood, followed by eleven gaunt, rabid degs, who were biting and tearing him at every step. They were headed by a tall man, whose pleasing expression seemed to be in utter contrast to his sur-The "White Caps" Are Nowhere.

asleep, feeling a sense of security at being up so high, when to my horror, just as they were opposite the window they began to ascend:

The "White Caps" Are Nowhere.

asleep, feeling a sense of security at being up so high, when to my horror, just as they were opposite the window they began to ascend: The man came directly towards me, his expression now so diaboutal that it is vividly shot. I considered this as a warning.

He Was a "Pool Bah" Cabinet. I dreamed I was shut up in a cabinet in a large white house. It seemed to be a house I was familiar with, although I had never lived in it. Soon there was a loud knock at the door and a voice said: "Why stand ye all the day idle? If you are Secretary of State. be up and doing, as much is required of you."

I was but partially awakened to the situation when another rap came and another voice said: "Is this the way you fill your office of Secretary of the Interior? If you don't get out of that dark interior soon, you'll be as-sisted to the exterior of this building." Just as I was making an effort to respond to these calls another came, and this time a voice said: calls another came, and this time a voice said:
"You're all right. You are Secretary of
War. Sleep on and take your rest. These
are times of peace. When the war cry sounds
I'il call you." This bewildered me somewhat, but I soon relapsed into a comatose
state again, until I was startled out
of it once more. I thought the
war cry had sounded indeed, when bang!
bang! bang! upon the door again. The first
call was for Postmaster-General. Bang
again! for Secretary of the Treasury. Bang!
bang! bang! for Secretary of the Navy. I
was so crazed and bewildered I wished I
was at the bottom of the sea. The air resounded with cries for Cabinet Ministers, and
being fairly beset on all sides, I donned my being fairly beset on all sides, I donned my plumed hat and rushed out to meet the clamorous crowd, when I awoke and found myself quietly lying upon my comfortable couch.

The Withered Heart Dream.

I dreamed that my brother, a boy of eleven or twelve years, received a package from Scotland which was done up in black cambric and bound round with white, and which the woman who sent it made him swear never to open. I said to myself: "I did not take any oath in regard to this package, so I am going to see what it contains." Accordingly, I opened it, and the first thing I drew forth

I opened it, and the first thing I drew forth was a shirt. Continuing my search I drew forth a skull and the skeleton of a man's arm, and after them a withered heart.

I arose in the morning and never once thought of my very silly dream. At noon my brother came running to me in a great state of excitement and informed me that if I wanted them he could get me a man's skull and the skeleton of an arm: that a man was picking bones and found them, and that he wanted he and another boy to bury them, but if I wanted them they would give them to me. Even then I did not think of my dream. In the evening we had company, and as they were about to depart a gentleman turned around suddenly and faced a small picture representing a heari, and made this

very singular and uncalled-for remark:
"That is a very natural-looking heart. The
most of human bearts that I have seen have
been withered!" Then I thought of my
dream.

W. H. D.

It Was in "The Evening World" Extra. Last Tuesday night I had to walk home on account of the street cars being tied up. I retired to bed when I was startled by hearing a band of music playing "Marching Through Georgia," and looking down Broadway I saw a large crowd of people marching to the music. They advanced closer and closer, and then I saw a long line of street-cars, each being drawn by six white horses. There were cars representing every line in the city, and the men were shouting "The car strike is off! We all return to work to-morrow morning." We all return to work to morrow morning."
The next morning when I awake you can imagine my surprise when I picked up The Exeming World and the first thing that caught my eye were the letters "The Strike Ended."

8. S., 174 East One Hundred and Eighth street.

Last night while calmly sleeping I had most thrilling experience. I was sitting quietly conversing with a friend, when I happened to glance in the bedroom where my sister lay sleeping by an open window. As I glanced at the window I saw a huge snake, with bright black and yellow stripes, stealing slowly along towards the unconscious form on the bed. Filled with horror at my sister's dan-ger, I rushed into the room followed by my friend, and there, coiled up on the bed, I saw snake, the exact counterpart of the other a snake, the exact counterpart of the other, within fearful proximity to my sister's face. I grasped a pair of tongs, caught the hissing, writhing snake by the throat, and then and there fought the greatest battle of my life, and in almost an instant the snake lay dead at my feet. I attacked the other, and after a similar battle that one also lay dead. I awoke, bathed in perspiration, but with an intense feeling of satisfaction that two of my chemics were slain.

H. A. B. J. West Main street Hranford Conn. West Main street, Branford, Conn.

A Warning of Sickness.

I dreamed that I was seated in a basketphaeton driving a pair of jet black ponies along a pleasant country road. Soon we came to a swamp, or morass, through the centre of which was a road, firm, wide and high, along which I drove. Suddenly, from the opposite direction came thundering a horseman. So furiously came he gallop-ing, that it seemed as though he had lost all control of his steed. Horse and rider rushed upon us, trampling the ponies and crushing the phaeton over the brink. Into the slough I sank and felt the inky mud ingulf me. Gasping for air I awoke. In the morning I related the dream to awoke. In the morning I related the dream to the maid, a negress, and with the superstit on of her race, she cried: "Oh, Miss Lottie, chile! Pray beaven shield you. You'se gwine to be sick, honey." One week from the night of the dream a consultation of physicians declared that my life hung by a thread. I slowly rallied, coming back to health with the memory of that cruel rider on his white charger never to be erased from my paind. I. C.

A Mother's Sad Dream. My little boy was perfectly healthy, and during his first year, while dreaming one night. I found myself walking with him, he seemingly at the age of five years. Saddenly

the little fellow disappeared from my side. In the agony of utter despair I rushed here and there in the hope of discovering my darling, and in my anguish awoke, to behold with a sigh of relief my baby sleeping quietly in his cradle.

The second dream a little later was similar. The second dream a little later was similar. I was carrying my child in my arms and we passed through a great many streets. Then again, in the most mysterious way, I became aware of the fact that I had nothing in my arms. The little body had vanished like a shadow and I did not know how. The same vivid feelings of despair and grief seized me, but while retracing my way home alone I noticed at the front door of a house a group of small boys playing at marbles, and my little small boys playing at marbles, and my little boy was sitting among them, apparently grown up to the age of five years. I have only to add that I actually lost the little boy

by death when he was nearing his fifth anniversary. M. F. S., 1807 Tenth avenue. Just before the late war I dreamed that I was in a large camping-ground. An open field of several acres was surrounded by woods and barracks. Soon a cloud came very woods and barracks. Soon a cloud came very woods and barracks. Soon a cloud came very turned and looked into the room, noting where I had placed my hat, and read a sign across the street to convince myself I was not man in the full equipments of ancient warman in the full equipments of ancient war-riors—drawn sword, shield, helmet and gar-ments of blood-red lue. A heavy distant thunder seemed to shake the very earth as the form reached the zenith, and the thunder was the voice of the man repeating these

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord." Everything I looked upon seemed turned to blood. Yet I was not afraid. The Lord. form of the warrior disappeared in the east-ern horizon and another cloud appeared in the west and raised as slowly as the first one. the west and raised as slowly as the first one, but of a pure white appearance. As this cloud approached the zenith it assumed the form of a woman, and a voice like enchanting music said, "Peace on earth and good will to men." It seemed as if it took months to complete all this dream, and while there were hundreds around me I seemed all alone. And it was all a dream, no imagination.

Mrs. A. D. P., Akron, O.

Here's Food for a Novel. I dreamed I was on a railroad train which had become stuck in a snow-drift and got out to see what was the trouble. As I turned my back to look around I found myself alone, the train having gone on. Seeing a light. I started for it, and found myself light. I started for it, and found myself knocking at a door. It was opened by a young-looking woman, to whom I told my tale of being left behind. She invited me in, and added that she was glad I had come, as she was all alone, her husband having died that afternoon, and as the nearest house was taninles off, she wanted to drive there to notify them and asked me to remain with the corpse.

After she had come I looked and saw an After she had gone, I looked and saw at opening to a room above. I took the candle and started up, and there before me was a figure laid out on a bed. On the wall hung a beautiful gold watch, and a sudden desire to take it and leave the house came over me. I took the watch and was about to leave, when the corpse slowly rose up and grabbed me by the coat, saying: "You would steal, would the cont, saying: "You would steal, would you?" I said I was only going to see the time the coat, saying: You would steat would you?" I said I was only going to see the time Then he told me his wife had poisoned him and, supposing him dead, had gone over for a lover of hers and would return shortly. He told me to do as he bade me and gave me a present of the watch. He got up and dressed and, placing a lot of straw beneath the bed, saturated it with keresene and told me when he would rap on the outside window I was not long before the lady returned, and with her was a gentleman. Soon after, I heard a rap and a window open, when I was told to light the straw and get out as fast as I could. I did so, and upon reaching the outside window is did not side, discovered the corpse (?) with a gun levelled at a window. In an instant the whole building was ablaze, and I could see two figures appear at the window, but the report of a rifle drove them back. I could hear their cries, but soon all was over and the building

and smaller and then fell to the ground at my feet. A few days later my three girls were stricken with scarlet fever, and from bright, healthy children they faded into mere shad-ows. Two were left me, while one (the pear I saw fall in my dream) died. Surely this dream was a warning of the approaching death.

death.

I dreamed that I went to market and bought a black and white hen. In preparing it for the table I found the crop to contain gold. The following day I went to the market, but thought no more of my dream until I had bought a black and white hen, and while dressing the same for dinner I was dumfounded when I found a small gold dollar in the crop with the corn and gravel. founded when I found a same that the crop with the corn and gravel.

Mrs. B. M.

The Sunburst Boded Ill.

I dreamed that I was standing on top of a mountain, and saw the sun shining brightly in the sky. Suddenly it fell with a terrific noise and scattered in all directions. Two weeks later my husland died, our home was broken up and my children scattered. Mrs. Brown, 1691 Ninth avenue.

Spurned His Own Corpse.

I became suddenly conscious of standing at the top of a long flight of stairs with a lighted candle in my hand. I descended, and at the foot of the stairs lay my dead body. I recognized it instantly, and a feeling of utter contempt and disgust permeated me, and I contempt and disgust permeated me, and is spurned the object with my foot. I remarked: 'Is it possible that this object is what I thought so much of in life?' Although twenty years have passed, that dream remains as vivid as at the time, and it has caused me to realize that when the spiritual body is withdrawn we no longer see through a glass darkly. M. A. BEEBE, Babylon, L. I.

Thought He Was a Sponge. I dreamed that I was suddenly submerged in water, as if in a large trnk, and the pores of my skin admitted the water in such profusion that my body swelled up like a sponge until that my body swelled up like a sponge until it was of enormous size. Then I seemed to be lifted out of the tank, and the water would run out of my body until I felt my natural self again. This was repeated a number of times, when I awoke and was thinking over the curious dream, and I heard a gentleman in the next room, who seemed to be dipping a sponge in the water, then wringing it out. suppose he was taking a bath.

His Dream Made Him Careful. Some twelve years ago I lived in Charlotte, N. C. I dreamed one night that a bloodhound came running in and out of my room several times. The last time he went through I quickly closed the door on him and put on I quickly closed the door on him and put on my clothes to get out of the house. When I got in the room leading to the street a man as large as Golath stood at the door. His face was covered with a white mask and his eyes glittered like balls of fire. I made a jump for the window, and out I went, and that was the end of the dream. The following day I went home late at night. Living on the outskirts of the city, I had to pass some empty lots. When about two blocks from my house. I saw a large dog in the middle of the skirts of the city, I had to pass some empty lots. When about two blocks from my house, I saw a large dog in the middle of the road. That reminded me of my dream, and a cold chill came over me. I drew my revolver and walked on. About twenty feet further I beheld some one crouching near the fence. I shouted: "Who is that?" The answer was a shot from a pistol. I returned the compliment five times, and he and the dog both ran away. Was not that dream a warning?

Louis E. Mendel.

335 East Eightieth street.

His Shoe Led the March. I dreamed of being arrayed in full dress and attending a very select club affair upown. Stepping into the dressing-room, It paid particular attention to the details of my paid particular attention to the details of my general appearance, and while undergoing the kind and energetic treatment of the boot-black 1 was suddenly surprised and shocked beyond expression by the boy's voice. ex-claiming: "Why, where is your other shoe?" I looked at my foot, and a white sock, slightly damaged around the big toe, met my bewil-dered gaze, while the polish on the only re-maining shoe was simply miraculous. Sud-denly I found myself in the ballroom, where they were merrily marching, and there, just they were merrily marching, and there, just ahead of the leading couple, was my unfor-tunate shoe, hopping ahead in correct time tunate shoe, hopping ahead in correct time and apparently enjoying my embarrassment. I rushed for it pell-mell, tried to catch and held it, but just when I thought I had it I slipped, staggered and tried to brace myself by a firm hold on the person nearest me. It was in vain, though, and down we came to the hard floor, and with considerable cold perspiration I awoke to the pleasant consciousness that it had been but a dream. ANTI-LOBSTER SALAD.

I dreamed I started up Schroon Lake in a steam-yacht; the water was very shoal and transparent, every object lying on the bottom could be plainly seen. I threw out a line, which soon grew taut, and I drew it in to find on the end a queer-looking fish covered with silver scales. In its hand there was a paper, which proved to be a chart of an island some six miles up the lake called Isle Isola. The chart was written by some one who had inhabited the island and on which it said there was a treasure of a kingdom buried. We stopped at the island and found the ruins of what had been a grand residence, but at that time not a wall was standing. I passed around to what had been the stables, where I saw two what had been the stables, where I saw two
stacks of hay, weather beaten and blackened.
I removed the hay and underneath discovered a trap-door. I descended into a vault
and beheld an iron-bound box of immense
size in a good state of preservation. I
raised the lid and saw diamonds the size of raised the lid and saw diamonds the size of walnuts and every kind of precious stone that was ever known and gold in huge bars. While pondering how I was to get it away without any one's knowledge I awoke. The next day we went to Isle Isola and found the ruins and stables, with hay exactly as described in the dream, but no tressure. scribed in the dream, but no treasure

Mrs. A. H. D. Was It Transmission of Thought ? One morning Mr. Collins, owner of the Collins line of transatlantic steamers came down early to his office in this city, and calling his head clerk, told him confidentially that the Atlantic had gone down on the outward passage, and that his wife and child were drowned. The clerk asked him for the source of his information, and Mr. Collins told him he had dreamed it. The clerk scouted the very probability of such a thing. But Mr. Collins was firmly convinced of its reality and became more and more anxious and nervous as the day went by, even though he saw the reason of his clerk's arguments, to whom he told all the details of the wreck, even whom he told all the details of the wreck, even to seeing his wife standing on the deck with her son in her arms when the ship lurched and sank. To the surprise of his friends and his own grief a short time afterwards the survivors of the crew were landed, having been resued by a passing ship. They corroborated almost in detail all that Mr. Collins had stated he had seen in his dream, thus proving that there can be transmission of thought, for the old sentleman always afterwards defor the old gentleman always afterwards de-clared that his wife's last thought must have been of him, or he could never have been enabled to see her even in a dream in this last scene on earth.

OWEN B. MAGINNIS,
72 East One Hundred and Twenty-first

PARAGRAPHIC SUNSHINE.

A FEW CHEERFUL RAYS TO DISPEL THE GLOOM OF THE SKIES.

Voting for a Good Cause, [From Judge.]



Equestrian-Mah frien', dey's habbin a puddy hot time at de polls up in Slabtown. Pedestrian-Am dat so? What is dey wotin foh dis time in de yeah?

Equestrian—Wall, when I left dey was wotin foh two dollahs apiece, but I heerd dat some ol de boys did got as high as two and six bits.

Severe Panishment

[From the Kansus City Times.] Now they have "lady White Caps" in It diana, who send around threatening notices to objects of their displeasure. The extent of their severity is not stated, but we presume that in extreme cases they compel men to go to afternoon teas.

Posonby-Hello, Stebbins: Just back from your Western trip, ch? I suppose you saw pretty tough lot of customers out there?

Stebbins-Well, so-so. I was looking out of the car window in Nebraska, one day, and I saw an old granger tramping around a stubble field in his bare feet.

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

[From the New York Weekly,]
Judge-If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.

(From the New York Weekly.) Mrs. Goodheart-Why don't you give that poo oman a dime?

Mrs. Tiptop-Mercy me! I can't afford to spare a cent. As it is, I don't see how we're ever going to pay for that \$300 dress I had to order for the charity ball.

[From the New York Weekly.]
Brakeman (on railroad train at night(-Pough-

Railroad Blanders.

Poughkeepsie Lady-Dear me! Will thes railroad men ever learn to pronounce so folks can understand them? What station is this? Friend-This is our station-P'kepsy.

Particulars Needed.

[From the New York Weekly.]
Easterner (in far Western store)-Got any

neckties?
Proprietor (mystified)—Um—er—what sort-silk, calico, or hemp?

A Premature Discussion. [From the New Fork Weekly,]
Miss Flighty—Have you decided to take any
part in the discussion, "What will we do in heaven?"
Good Minister—No. miss. I am at present much more interested in the question, "What shall we do to get there?"

A Question Answered.

Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)-Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?" Voice (from a dyspeptic-looking auditor—Because we are fools.

> An Interesting Session. [From the New York Weekly.]

First Member (Sewing Society)-Dear me! Here we've been talking for three hours, and haven't got to sewing yet.

Second Memper—Sewing? What sewing!
Third Member—Why, sewing societies ought
to sew, you know.

The President—Ladies, owing to the lateness
of the hour, the Sewing Society for the Amelioration of the Heathen will now adjourn.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] The gifted actress was playing the part of Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," and Claude Melnotte, a large and beefy gentleman, had wrapped his brawny arms about her and was assuring the lovely young woman, in a voice like that of an enraged fog-horn, that he would be good to her always, or words to that effect. "What do you think of it, John 7" exclaimed Mrs. Billus rapturously. "Isn't she an embodied art thought?"

art thought?"

"Well, it strikes me, Maria," responded Mr.
Billus, who was looking on critically through an
opera-glass, "that when a fellow that looks like
him is permitted to hold such a girl in his arms
have playing in creat holds. he's playing in great luck.

Serious Work. [From Puck.]



Old Jack Plane (the village carpenter)-Can't do nothin' ter-day. The boys dedicated th' new hose-house last night an' I'm gittin' my head down.

Washington INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL. Vindows along the Route, Transient Board or Lodgings, Chaperons and Guides will be in Great Demand. MAKE YOUR DESIRE TO MEET ANY OF THE ABOVE REQUIREMENTS KNOWN THROUGH THE WORLD " WANT " COLUMNS. Advertisers can Register at the INFORMATION BUREAU of "THE WORLD'S" Uptown Of. See, 1267 Broadway. To Strangers CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE ME.
TROPOLIS DURING THE WASHING.
TON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED
THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S
INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

NOW FOR THE DOG SHOW

BIG TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Hundreds of Benches Put Up for the Thirs teenth Annual Show of the Westminster Club-Not a Sign Left of the Girl Bleyclists' Track-This Will Be a Bigger Show Than Ever Before.

Another grand transformation scene is being enacted to-day in the Madison Square Garden.

The track on which the fair bicyclists of last week spun out their many miles is laid waste, the fences removed, and once more in the early morning the floor of the big pavilion was a vast expanse unmarred by the hog. guesser's machine, the put-a-nickel-in-th slot taffy boxes and the cane stand. Big trucks brought contrivances of wood

and wire, which were set up in a trice, taking the form of the Sprat patent benches,

partitioned off for the accommodation of the 1,372 dogs of high and low degree which are to form the thirteenth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club. This is 262 more canines than were ever gathered together before in America, and the

show bids fair to be the most successful of any of the great successes of the Westmin-

show bids fair to be the most successful of any of the great successes of the Westminster.

The arrangement of the exhibits will be on a new plan and one more satisfactory to the spectators. The dogs will be arranged according to numbers, consecutively, so that the location of an animal can be ascertained by its number on the catalogue. No. 1 will be at the Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street corner of the pavilion and the numbers will run up and down the long rows of wire stalls.

Among the twelve judges will be Miss Anna H. Whitney, of Laucaster. Mass., who will adjudge the fine points of the Great Danes, St. Bernards and pugs: John Davidson, Charles C. Marshall, August Belmont, ir., E. Sheffield Porter and Joseph R. Peirson.

The President of the Westminster is J. Otto Downer; Vice-President. R. C. Cornell; Secretary, F. R. Hitchcock, and Braddis Johnson, jr., Treasurer.

The exhibit will require \$8,000 worth of the wire cages, and will occupy, the "reception room" back of the balcomy on the Madison avenue front as well as the entire floor of the amphitheatre.

The premium list is larger than ever before by \$1,000, and there will be terriers, dandies, dachsunds and Skyeterriers. St. Bernards, bloodhounds, mastiffs and Newfoundlands, deerhounds greyhounds, English fox-hounds, pointers, setters, black-and-tan setters, beagles, retrievers and Irish setters, pugs, bulldogs and bull terriers, fox terriers, black and tans, rat terriers, toy spaniels, St. Charles poodles, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless dogs and Ohessapeake dogs, collies and shepherds and others too numerous and too varied to mention.

The show will open to morrow morning at 9 o'clock and will continue four days.

9 o'clock and will continue four days.

East Side Entertainment. The Young People's Association of the Zion German Presbyterian Church will give an entertainment on Washington's Birthday at their meeting-rooms, 135 East Fortieth street. Such well-known people on the east side as Messrs. Geo. J. Muller, J.N. Loeser, Albert E. McMul-kin, Misses Emily Barney, Etta Mielke, Emma J. Kerr and Martha Barney have volunteered their services towards making the affair a suc-cess. A large attendance is expected.

Neventh Regiment Concert. A festival concert will be given at the armory of the Seventh Regiment by the Regiments Glee Club next Saturday evening. The concer will take place in a pavilion erected on the large drill-room floor. The Club will be assisted by Sig. Carlos Cappa's grand orchestra of fifty musicians, and by Mme. Blanche Stone Barton, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, Mr. Walter C. Rogers, Mr. Edwin Klahre and Sig. Guisseppe Del Puente.

Two Quarters.

In the evening, weak and weary, Entered I the sleeping car, Found the corter, haughty, dreary, As at eve the porters are.

Up and down the aisle he bossed ma.
Flung my baggage here and there;
In my every wish he crossed
Till my soul o'erflowed with swear.

Long I sued, implored, beseeched him Give me quarters for the night. Till at last my pleading reached him And he folded me from sight. In the marning, ah, how lowly Bowed the porter down to me! Brushed my garments, meantime slowly Placed his palm where I might see.

Thus between mankind and porters
Time is ever shifting powers;
In the eve we beg their quarters.
In the morn they beg for ours.

- Willis B. Hawkins

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SYNOPSIS

∠ OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

A SERVANT OF SATAN."

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER. The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The mysterious assassis who was guildined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prade, handed extended to the seven of his excention a bundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past carear to a friend name bundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past carear to a friend name past history proved a riddle shich the French police were until the extraordinary oriminal whose identity and past history proved a riddle shich the French police were unable to colve. They show that he was the son of a sell-known German General and statemans, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pescadonym of Count von Waldberg. The mother was a Princess of one of the petry sovereign houses of Germany. A godson of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussis, poung Waldberg enters the army contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mistress, and strikes his Colone to the ground when the latter uses coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldeberg deserts the army and returns to hisfather's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wife, asking for money. The night of the third day of his confinement, the occupants of the villa revolver in his hand.

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.

Mr. G. Hawe-I wan' ter git this ox-bow fixed.